

EL PASO HERALD

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The Conservation Wave

CONSERVATION is the keynote of the world today. Conservation of forests, conservation of water, conservation of game, conservation of birds, conservation of everything is the one great cry, not only of the United States but of the world, and it is not a hobby, but a necessity. There has been such a wilful destruction of timber, animal life, bird life and other things of this character that the world is in danger from the destruction. It is time to call a halt. The cry is not raised a bit too soon.

The latest conservation movement to take concrete form is that for saving the plumage birds of the universe.

To urge the world powers to unite in checking the commercial butchery that is known to be rapidly exterminating the most valuable bird species from the face of the globe, a conservation movement of international scope has been organized in New York. At the fifth quinquennial convention of the International Ornithological congress, which will be held in Berlin on May 30th, an American representative from the National Association of Audubon societies has been instructed to present for the consideration of the nations a plan for uniform protection against the army of poachers that scour the earth to supply its great millinery markets with the plumage of billions of the birds, on whose natural activities the human race must depend for agricultural prosperity and sanitary safety. To enlist Mexico in a tripartite agreement with the United States and Canada in the interest of the migratory birds of the North American continent, a representative from this country is also preparing to appear before the Mexican congress.

Headed by the National Association of Fish and Game commissioners, the North American Fish and Game Protective association and the American Ornithologists' union, as well as the National Association of Audubon societies, this campaign of protest against the rapid destruction of the feathered resources of every land will be carried from this country to all civilized nations. Testimony from the foremost agricultural and hygienic scientists showing the great part played by the insect eaters in checking crop pests and by the sea birds in averting pestilence, is now being prepared as proof of the immediate need of their international protection.

Until the authorities of every nation join to check the illegal raids of the scouts for the millinery markets, who are scouring the ends of the earth more widely each year, the ornithologists declare, no hope can be held out against quick and final extinction of the most useful bird species that inhabit every land.

Details of the recent raid of Japanese poachers upon the bird reserves of the United States about Hawaii have just been received and will be laid before the coming international conference with the growing demand for reciprocal bird protection among the nations. Ten tons of the feathers of valuable Pacific-American species with the skins and wings of over 250,000 birds have been found to be some of the booty that the revenue cutter Thetis brought back with 25 subjects of Japan who had been landed on American soil to put in a year at killing and mutilating the tame flocks on these remote islands. While the value of these bloody trophies to the wholesale millinery market is estimated at some \$100,000, the bird life that the Japanese destroyed in taking them is calculated to be worth to the people of this country at least a million dollars.

"As long as billions of the most economically valuable birds of the earth may be destroyed in some countries and shipped to the millinery centers in others, it will be impossible to prevent their ultimate extinction," said William Dutcher, president of the National Association of Audubon societies. "For instance, the bird of paradise—one of the most striking and beautiful of nature's creations—is now on the verge of extinction. The sale of its plumage cannot be checked until the nations cooperate to this end. This trade in feathers is the chief cause of the world's alarming loss of its bird resources which are essential to the health and prosperity of the human race everywhere. Migratory birds know no geographical lines and we do not believe their existence should be menaced any longer by the lack of the uniform protective laws we propose to advocate to the world powers."

It is time to check the slaughter.

Now they say Taft is going to use the whip to pass his measures. The whip may be all right, but nothing will ever beat the big stick.

A St. Louis man was arrested the other day for tearing up his wife's carpet. Pretty soon they will be denying St. Louis men the right to chastise their wives at all.

The Irish Nationalists may be strong enough to force home rule concessions from the British parliament. By force is the only way they will ever get it, from all indications.

Keep the Girls Nearer Home

IF PARENTS could fully assure themselves that their daughters would receive in an El Paso private school every advantage of the best eastern, northern, and western schools, without the fear and bitterness of years of separation and divided families during the loveliest time of girlhood, they would gladly choose such a school rather than send their children far away.

It is confidence in the truth of this assertion that leads a score or more of the most prominent and public spirited business men to give their time, money, and energy toward organizing and financing the El Paso School for Girls, plans for which are now perfecting.

The school will be in capable hands, and will have a teaching force adequate to the highest class of work, and by "highest class" is not meant merely scholarship, but the well rounded education that makes a woman a more useful and a happier member of the social body. The training will be many sided, and every need of the young girl will be wisely met.

It is hoped to make this school fully representative of El Paso and the southwest. No clique is promoting it, but the group of most enthusiastic workers is formed on a basis of common interest in securing for El Paso a girls' school of the highest grade, that will be in affiliation with the highest American schools, and that will offer our southwestern girls every advantage, including that of nearness to the homes of their parents.

The project is every way deserving of generous financial support.

Fort Worth has secured Kansas City's park expert, Kessler, to plan a city beautiful, and what is best, the city has decided to follow out the plan. El Paso needs to outline some definite system of parks and keep to it as she grows. El Paso is yet young enough to do this successfully.

Down about Midland they suspect El Paso saloon men of shipping in liquor to the prohibition drinkers. And probably their suspicions are right. Were it not for rubbing it in rather hard on poor Midland, we would suggest shipping some of our saloon keepers down there, too. We could spare a lot of them.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

I LIKE to think that when I'm dead, my restless soul unchained, the things that worry my fat head will then all be explained. This fact a lot of sorrow brings, throughout this weary land; there are so many, many things, we do not understand! Oh, why is Virtue oft oppressed, and scourged and beaten down, while Vice, with gems of East and West, is flaunting through the town? And why is childhood's face with tears of sorrow often stained? When I have reached the shining spheres, these things will be explained. Why does the poor man go to jail, because he steals a trout, while wealthy men who steal a whale quite easily stay out? Why does affliction dog the man, who earns two bones a day, who though he try the best he can, can't drive the wolf away? Why does the weary woman sew, to earn a pauper's gain, do we send the shining lack to leathern in Cathay, while in the squalid alleys' mock white feet have gone astray? Such questions, in a motley crowd, at my poor mind have strained; but when I sit upon a cloud, these things will be explained.

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Back Mass

SIDELIGHTS Along Washington Byways.

Washington, D. C. February 25.—It requires an intimate knowledge of fractions to figure out the nationality of representative Charles D. Carter, of Oklahoma.

Mr. Carter is authority for the statement that he is seventeenth Chickasaw and Cherokee Indian and nineteenth Scotch-Irish. Mr. Carter's history reads like a vivid description of the wild and woolly west. He is a descendant of Nathan Carter, who was captured when a small boy by the Shawnee Indians at the Wyoming valley massacre, and afterward traded to the Cherokee and married a full blooded Cherokee woman. His father was a captain in the Confederate army, and married a one-fourth blood Chickasaw woman.

"I've seen some real life in the west," says Mr. Carter. "When only a boy I moved with my father to the Mill Creek postoffice and stage stand on the western frontier of the Chickasaw nation in 1876. As a boy I worked on my father's ranch as a farmhand, cowboy and bronco buster, and began life as a cowboy as a cowpuncher and bronco buster on the Diamond Z ranch."

What Mr. Carter doesn't know about cowboy life is not worth knowing. When debate lacks interest in the house Mr. Carter retires to the Democratic cloak room, lights up a cigar and leans back in a leather upholstered chair.

"That reminds me of one day on the Diamond Z ranch," observes Mr. Carter, looking over some of his Democratic colleagues. Political discussions are dropped. Champ Clark and "Johnny" Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, forget their quarrel about the rules temporarily, and all hands crowd around Mr. Carter to listen to wild west tales that would make some of the dime novel writers look like ultra conservatives.

(From The Herald of this date, 1896)

14 Years Ago Today

VESTRYMEN ASK BISHOP KENDRICK TO MAKE HOME IN EL PASO

At a meeting of the vestry of St. Clement's church last night it was decided to request bishop Kendrick to make his residence here. While he received the request with favor, he could not decide positively.

The high school cadets have been ordered into camp at Austin in August by adjutant general Mabry.

Nothing new has been found in the Fountain mystery.

Miss Lulu Shipley is mysteriously missing in St. Louis.

The flyer is on time tonight with six cars and the last westbound flyer carried seven cars, so the service is paying well.

The Foresters will hold their first anniversary tomorrow evening in Odd Fellows' hall.

No McGilby band practice will be held this week, as conductor Pitzer and his orchestra will be busy in the opera house.

Dieter & Sauer, of Juarez, are becoming the loss of \$30 on a bill for groceries furnished Pittsimmons and his family. Doc Albers also has a bill against the champion.

The bunco steer is still in El Paso. He met a Vendome hotel guest on the plaza this morning and got away with \$150 of his hard earned greenbacks.

The letter's wife pawned her diamonds so they could leave town.

The artisan well drillers started work at 8:30 this morning and at noon had drilled six feet through hard rock. Judge Crosby left last night for Mexico City on business connected with his railroad.

City attorney Townsend has filed 16 more suits against delinquent taxpayers, making 52 suits now filed.

The Y. M. C. A. directors held another meeting last night and discussed plans for a new building.

Metal market—Silver, 65.2-8c; lead, 32; copper 27-8c; Mexican pesos, 54c.

LETTERS To the HERALD

(All communications must bear the signature of the writer, but the name will not be published where such request is made.)

HAMILTON AS VIEWED BY AN AUTOMOBILE EXPERT

Editor El Paso Herald:

Permit me to present a view which is most commonly shared by the readers of both papers.

El Paso has outgrown the limitations of a small western town. People are beginning to look upon El Paso as a city of no mean importance, and for this reason the press, which should voice the hopes and aspirations of every citizen of El Paso for a larger and greater El Paso should stand far in advance of the most optimistic citizen.

Because of the El Paso's failure to secure an aviator of prominence we were sorry, but thought no more of it than if Christy Mathewson had canceled his engagement last fall. We look upon it as the inevitable. When The Herald took up the matter and secured Hamilton we were "delighted"—and I wish to state here, that Mr. Hamilton exceeded the expectations of every citizen who witnessed his flights on Wednesday and Thursday. The most common expressions at the park were: "Isn't he wonderful," and truly he is a bird man. Even though he is a pupil of Curtis, as in the line of musical art many pupils have shown more talent and skill than their masters. It would seem so in this case. Hamilton is just as much a master of the air as Edison is of electricity.

What caused Hamilton's failure Tuesday? The same thing that causes your automobile to refuse to move. It must be adjusted to the altitude. I would not term his failure to fly Tuesday to his discredit as an aviator. It takes time to adjust an intricate piece of mechanism to the condition of the air—the currents that are met. etc. I wish to repeat it again, that El Paso was highly delighted with the flight of Hamilton, and we place him in the honor roll among the great aviators of the present time. I wish to thank The Herald for its endeavors to secure Mr. Hamilton, and for the skill and business like way in which you carried out the entire meet.

The Times once you an apology for the injustice of Wednesday morning's article. Very truly yours,

C. M. Barber.

CARRIERS' DAY.
Tomorrow being the last Saturday of the month, The Herald carriers will present bills for the month of February.

Subscribers will kindly note the above and be ready for the boys.

A STUNNING EASTER SUIT



Suits buttoned on the side will be worn again for the street this spring. And if made like the illustrated gown in heavy cloth or in wash materials, will be exceedingly stylish.

ADS BY PHONE.
Call Bell 115, Auto 1115, tell what you wish to buy, sell or rent and The Herald will do the rest.

PREVENTING MINE DISASTERS.

NEARLY 30,000 MINERS KILLED IN 10 YEARS

By Frederic J. Haskin

THE tragedy of the mine has become such a gruesome thing that humanity may well shudder at its awful record. In the last 10 years 10,000 metal miners have perished while at work.

In the year 1907, 3125 unfortunate lost their lives, and the following year 1500 were lost in the coal mines of the United States alone. This terrible tragedy of the mines is being enacted nearly every day.

Only a short time ago more than 200 men were roasted to death in a coal mine at Cherry, Ill., and since then 200 more have been killed in an explosion. Seventynine were numbered on the death roll at Plmero, Colo., and a few days later 35 were killed in Kentucky. Eleven were buried into eternity at Indiana, Pa., and after that an explosion in the Paulau mine to Mexico wiped out nearly 100 more.

These disasters are coming so thick and fast that there does not seem to be time between explosions to bury the dead. Every time the newspapers report one of these horrors, 500,000 families hear of a disaster for a moment, for the wife of the miner has every reason to live in constant apprehension.

Pitiful Scene at Cherry.
Today at Cherry, Ill., a most gruesome series of events is taking place. One hundred and eighty bodies are still in the mine, whose shaft was sealed weeks ago in the hope of smothering the fire. The bodies of the men in the mine are being prepared for burial.

The investigation of explosives was continued until a number were found that would stand both tests without igniting the gas or the coal dust. These explosives were termed "permissible" and their use in dangerous mines. The investigation of explosives was continued until a number were found that would stand both tests without igniting the gas or the coal dust. These explosives were termed "permissible" and their use in dangerous mines.

The cylinder would then be filled with coal dust and the explosive discharged in it. If the coal dust ignited with a roar, then the explosive used was deemed unfit for use in dangerous mines. The investigation of explosives was continued until a number were found that would stand both tests without igniting the gas or the coal dust. These explosives were termed "permissible" and their use in dangerous mines.

A queer phase of the situation has been the incredulity of the miners and operators alike as to the explosiveness of coal dust. When the government began its tests, hardly a miner in the country believed that coal dust would explode. They went to the Pittsburgh station in special trains to see it before they would believe the statements made.

In this connection, the attention of the miners was called to the fact that there was a violent explosion of flour dust in a Minneapolis mill a number of years ago. They were also told to remember that some of the greatest explosions in the coal mines of the United States, that at Monongah, in particular, were caused by coal dust.

This has opened still another problem which the officials are working upon—how to render harmless the coal dust in the mines. One suggestion was to rush to a certain mine, after there had been a sudden drop in the temperature, and investigate the condition of the air. The officials calculated the amount of moisture entering the mine and the amount going out, and found to their amazement that the mine was losing 50 tons of moisture every 24 hours.

It was readily seen that a few days of such conditions would leave the coal dust in a very dry state, and render it more liable to explode. In fact, the contact with a flame. This is the cause of the great coal dust explosions that have cost so many hundred lives. It also explains why most of these disasters occur in the winter time.

Oxygen Helmet.
At the Pittsburgh station there is a room known as the "rescue room," where miners are taught the use of the oxygen helmet, an apparatus that permits a miner to breathe in deadly gases. Part of the "rescue room" contains an air tight compartment, fitted up to resemble the interior of a mine. This place is filled with deadly gases, and the experts, clad in their oxygen helmets, can remain there for two hours without returning to the fresh air.

These helmets have proved valuable immediately after explosions, permitting rescuers to enter the mines at once and bring out men who were slowly being asphyxiated.

The government now has a crew of trained rescuers who respond to every accident call within a reasonable radius of the station. These heroes, although arriving late at the Cherry disaster, brought 20 men alive from the burning mine.

This work has been so successful that substations have been established in the coal fields of Tennessee, Oklahoma, Illinois and Washington, and recommendations for state mine laws have been made. The government's sole purpose in this is to teach the miners the use of the oxygen helmet so that each mine will be encouraged to maintain its own rescue corps.

Ten of the big mining companies of the country have already established such stations.

Tomorrow—The Commercial Traveler.

EL PASO AND THE BIRD MAN

(Continued from Page One.)

good at Phoenix and Tucson, and Curtis had been called back to New York and had ceased to fly. Douglas had contracted with Hamilton for a flight on Saturday and Sunday of this week. It began to look as if El Paso would suffer the humiliation of "falling down" on its word while all surrounding towns went away from Washington to avoid this. The Herald then wired Mr. Hamilton's managers and brought them here. Details were discussed and a guarantee signed by The Herald within half an hour. That was last Saturday and little time remained, but The Herald had faith in El Paso, and went to work to give El Paso one of the greatest educational exhibitions from anybody.

The Herald shouldered the entire task. It appropriated money to pay for all advertising outside its own columns and began making its own preparations for the flights.

history, the greatest crowd in the Washington park to witness the first day's flights. Atmospheric conditions were wrong and the machine was wrecked. But The Herald had faith in Hamilton and his assertion that he would fly if it had to be to his doom.

Announcement was made that tickets held on Tuesday would be good the next day. Wednesday Hamilton made a flight that was acknowledged the equal of anything ever performed and a satisfied crowd of over 2000 people went to their homes singing his praises. In addition to the thousands who saw his flights over El Paso and Juarez from downtown.

To make sure that all who bought tickets on Tuesday should have an opportunity to get their money's worth, Hamilton's contract was extended until Thursday and all outstanding tickets were made good for that day also.

Thursday the flights were even greater than on Wednesday and again a crowd went away from Washington to avoid this. The Herald then wired Mr. Hamilton's managers and brought them here. Details were discussed and a guarantee signed by The Herald within half an hour. That was last Saturday and little time remained, but The Herald had faith in El Paso, and went to work to give El Paso one of the greatest educational exhibitions from anybody.

El Paso was not disappointed. El Paso is today numbered among the very few cities of the country who have seen a real flying man, and not a cent of guarantee was asked of the people of the city. The Herald made the guarantee. If the exhibition had proved a failure or the attendance had not been sufficient to pay the fund guaranteed, The Herald would have met the deficit. The people of El Paso responded and there was no deficit. The Herald is glad to have served the people of the city in this manner. It asks nothing in return. It knows it has their good will. After all, the most important effect of the meeting was to prove The Herald's motto, "El Paso has no room for knuckers." The booster makes a place for himself.

The Boss Of the Establishment

His Wife Exhibits Him to Her Relatives Who Have a New Photograph.
By Amere Mann

"W" E won't go if it rains," tempered the Boss of the Establishment. "I promised we'd go, rain or shine," replied his wife firmly, transfixing him with the cold, inexorable gaze of fate. "Well, I'll tell you one thing," the Boss asserted, with a feeble imitation of decision, "You can't drag me 35 miles in the country on a rainy Sunday."

"Of course, if you don't want to meet my relatives, there's nothing more to be said," rejoined his wife. "But I do think that after all my patience and courtesy to your hordes of cousins and their good-fellow wives—the kind of woman you know I loathe—you might have more consideration."

"All right, all right," replied the Boss hastily. "Who said anything about not going?"

Needless to say, the Boss prayed for rain, for hail, snow, thunder storms, or even an earthquake—anything to keep him from getting up early Sunday morning and journeying into the country to meet his wife's sister and brother-in-law.

But Sunday dawned warm and clear. "It's raining," announced the Boss, gazing wistfully from the window. "The walking out there must be pretty bad."

"Yes; you'd better wear your rubbers," his wife agreed.

To the Boss the mere fact of leaving his four bulky Sunday newspapers unread would have seemed appalling, even



ALL THE WAY TO HACKENSACK FOR THIS!

had it been uncomplicated by the prospect of wearing a collar all day and meeting persons he did not know and might not like.

During breakfast he assumed a pathetic pose—but which led him to remark finally: "I wonder what makes me feel today this morning? My head's splitting. Do you know anything that's good for it?"

"Yes," said his wife, "a fine brisk walk in the country air."

It took two hours to reach the Jersey village and another hour to locate relatives.

Finally, however, the Boss's wife was locked in the arms of the storm, and the Boss was left to the tender mercies of his brother-in-law, once removed.

"We were just having a little music," announced that tall, earnest young man.

"Father gave us a phonograph and we were trying some of the records. I tell you, they're great. Say, which'll you have—'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' or a stirring Salvation Army hymn, 'Throw Out the Life Line?'"

The Boss, whose long walk had produced a very considerable thirst, had been hoping ever since his arrival that some one would chuck out a life line to him. For as yet he did not know the worst. His new brother-in-law had been the prohibition candidate for selectman in his home town.

"I'll take the life line," the Boss said hopefully.

The hymn ground out its close, and "Onward, Christian Soldiers," replaced it promptly.

Then the Boss discovered that the brother-in-law possessed an extraordinary catholicity of taste in music. A Caruso record was followed by "Rings on Her Fingers and Belts on Her Toes," and this in turn by "Rock of Ages."

Eventually the Boss lost all realization of what was being played. Hours passed and still the relentless phonograph wheeled on. Finger assailed him and was soon intensified by a maddening odor of roast turkey from somewhere below. Was it possible, he asked himself, that the music-mad host had forgotten all about dinner? Or did they dine in the evening, and he was doomed to starve to slow music all the afternoon?

In desperation he drew out his cigarette case.

"Have a cigarette?" he asked. "Thank you, I don't indulge," declared his host.

"Would you mind opening a window if you are going to smoke?" called his sister-in-law.

In the course of time the Boss's agony came to an end, for dinner, a strictly temperance affair, was announced.

But no sooner was the meal over than he was led back to the torture. This time it was a rollicking selection from the "Pirates of Penzance," and needless to say, the constant repetition of the refrain, "Ho! Heave Ho and a Bottle of Rum!" did not serve to assuage his now raging thirst.

What the Boss suffered was indicated later, when he said to his wife as they took the train home: "Look here, young woman, I'll get square with you for this, even if I have to buy you one of these machines."

Next morning when the Confirmed Married Man commented on his Monday grouch, the Boss remarked: "No, it's not what you think. But if you're never apart Sunday with your wife's relatives there's no use of my telling you. If you have—I need say no more."

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HAVE YOU SOMETHING TO SELL?
You can easily sell it. Call Bell 115, Auto 1115, tell the girl what it is and The Herald will sell it. No bother, no formality.